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A Chronological Table

OF THE

Battles of the Civil War

IN VERSE.

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Battles of the Civil War

IN VERSE.

By JOHN F. CONDON.

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TO THE READER.

THE idea of writing the following work first occurred to the author after hearing a number of teachers express their opinion regarding the difficulty that arises in drilling pupils on the Civil War.

My object in placing *this* before the public is to lessen the burden of study imposed on the pupil, and to lighten the arduous duties of the patient, overworked teacher.

Having had abundant experience in teaching, fraught with flattering success, and having carefully noted the eagerness and rapidity with which the pupils grasped the subject when it was placed before them in this form, I take great pleasure in extending to all that which saved me many an anxious hour.

It is now a fact agreed to by all that a child is capable of learning any subject with greater facility, if that subject be placed before him in rhyme.

A margin is left for the insertion of dates in chronological order.

Respectfully,

JOHN F. CONDON,

G. S. No. 68, *N. Y. C.*

THE CIVIL WAR.

FOR years the slaves had bowed their heads,
Beneath oppression's chain ;
But when loved Lincoln grasped the helm,
No trace did e'en remain;
'Twas April 12th, the first gun pealed
On Sumter's granite walls,
The 19th instant shed first blood,
Massachusetts men did fall:
Philippi, Bethel, Booneville too,
With Carthage next, I ween,
Rich Mountain, fatal Carricks Ford,
With Bull Run in between ;
Next came the troops to Wilson's Creek
And Hatteras Inlet strong,
Carnifex Ferry, Lexington,
Ball's Bluff, remembered long,
Because the barges sank and rolled,
So sad for tongue to tell,
The North was called to mourn her loss,
There Colonel Baker fell:

Port Royal fell an easy prey,
Of Belmont I now tell,
This conflict was before they took
Both Mason and Slidell.
Last on the list came Dranesville's fight,
When that was fought and won,
It closed the long and bloody strife
Of 1861.

1862.

Mill Spring began the contest now,
Fort Henry then held sway ;
With Roanoke and Donaldson,
The South's great water-way ;
Pea Ridge, now stormed with shot like hail,
Could not resist attack ;
And then our little Monitor,
Destroyed the Merrimac.
New Bern next calls attention,
Then fatal Shiloh's flood ;
Some call it Pittsburg Landing,
A stream of patriot's blood ;
The gates now open to the North,
Yea, open to their men ;
They capture Fort Pulaski,
And Island No. 10 ;
Then New Orleans and Beaufort,
Fall, after some delay ;
And famous Yorktown's taken,
That caused so much dismay ;

Sad is the tale of Williamburg,
When men fell by the score ;
Two-fifths of those engaged,
Were lying stained with gore ;
The South at Norfolk was hurled back,
With Corinth next in van ;
And Fair Oaks, known as Seven Pines,
Engaged troops, man to man.
In June the railroads lost their strength,
And Memphis soon gave way ;
Then Seven Days the fighting raged,
With great loss every day.
On Cedar Mountain's slippery bank
And Bull Run's gory field
Full many a brave heart stood and fell,
Disdaining e'er to yield.
In struggle fierce is Richmond seen ;
Then came Chantilly's strife,
Where noble Kearney fought and fell,
And Stevens lost his life.
South Mountain—Harper's Ferry, too—
Gave Jackson praise so fine ;
While charges at Antietam
Left gaps in every line.
Iuka, Corinth, Perryville,
Beheld a crimson flood,
While Fredericksburg, mid shot and shell,
Upheld our flag with blood.
Though Vicksburg yet had proved too strong,

Famed Murfreesboro's fight
Gave Sheridan eternal praise,
Left him a brilliant light.
All these hard battles in the South
Kept this great end in view:
To hold Lee back from marching North
In 1862.

1863.

When Lee was foiled, our President
Prayed fervent, strong and fast;
And on that blessed New Year's Day,
Harsh slavery breathed its last;
Arkansas Post was taken next,
And Sumter's ruined wall
Was stormed, but lost by Union troops,
With many a sailor's fall:
When Grant commenced his famous plans,
'Long Mississippi's bank,
He caused the South to separate,
'Twas there that Vicksburg sank;
Alas! for fatal Chancellorsville!
The South there held its breath,
For all were bowed in sorrow deep,
By noble Jackson's death;
July the 1st saw Gettysburg
Engaged in bitter strife;
The 4th saw Vicksburg yield her claim
With loss of many a life:
The North then took Port Hudson,
New York was plunged in woe,
The rioters both right and left
Had dealt a cruel blow:
Fort Wagner with loud clamor rang,
Next Chicamauga came,
With Chattanooga after that,
Recorded well in fame:

1864.

Oluster, De Russey fell a prey,
F't Pillow felt the war,
Bermuda Hundred next in view,
Where Butler's cannon roar ;
The saddest sight one ever saw,
The Wilderness did show ;
With Spottsylvania's gory field,
The North's deep, bitter woe ;
Resaca, then, and New Market,
With Dallas showed great fight :
Cold Harbor shared the bloody fray,
Lost Mountain ; what a sight !
Next England's part was clearly seen,
The Kearsage brought to bay ;
The Alabama proud and strong,
Upon the ocean's spray ;
Monocary and Kenesaw
Withstood a fierce attack
While Sherman at Atlanta,
Had checked and sent Hood back ;
The North rejoiced with one accord,
The word abroad now flies ;
" The Unions take Atlanta,"
The South has no supplies :
Then Chambersberg with fire and smoke,
In ashes low was laid,

And Petersburg with its dread mine,
Sad havoc then displayed.
Brave Farragut played his part well,
The "Hartford" led the way ;
He took the craft named Tennessee,
And entered Mobile Bay:
Weldon Railroad next was grasped,
Atlanta bowed her head,
For Sherman tried his daring flank,
The Rebels turned and fled:
Again they meet at Winchester,
Cedar Creek and Fisher's Hill;
Where Sheridan rode with might and main,
And showed great strength and skill :
At Nashville and McAllister,
The Unions fought and gained ;
This closed the campaign in the west ;
No men for Hood remained:
The Unions under Sherman,
As happy as can be,
Are ordered to Savannah.
They march down to the sea:
The South is on the wane,
Her power is no more
This ends the great campaign
Of 1864.

1865.

Fort Fisher started this sad year,
  Columbia soon gave in ;
Then Charleston, fated city,
  The North did strike and win ;
Averysboro and Bentonville,
  Saw Johnson bear full sway,
Against bold Sherman marching
  His troops in grand array ;
Then came the final conflict,
  Fort Steadman showed the lead,
Five Forks well thinned the Rebel ranks,
  And left Lee in great need ;
Surrounded now on every side,
  Confederate lines gave way ;
And Petersburg surrendered,
  Before the close of day ;
That night through Richmond's dismal streets,
  "All's well" the Union cry,
They forced the Rebels from the town,
  And waved our flag on high ;
Lee saw the end was close at hand,
  His actions marked it well ;
While on his flank without a pause,
  Bold Sheriden then fell ;
The wreck of those vast Southern troops,

Obeyed their leader grand,
But he surrendered just in time
And peace reigned o'er our land.
But now the assassin's cruel blow
Fell on our leader true—
Loved Lincoln's life was sacrificed
Mid folds red, white and blue.
Then Johnson's army yielded,
And Union reigned once more;
With Davis held in bonds secure,
Which banished thoughts of war.
Now every man threw down his arms,
And made it his firm brag,
That he would live and die beneath
Our striped and starry flag.
From dark despair our nation rose
To realms so blessed and bright,
That now loved Freedom reigns supreme
Each morning, noon and night.
Now may the North and South stand firm
On proud Columbia's shore,
With love to hold our Union strong
In peace forevermore.

Finis.